NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 7—VOL. XVIII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1806. NO. 893.

ALIMEC, or *HAPPINESS*:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

(*Concluded.*)

ALIMEC was surprised at the old man's words; and being desirous of knowing how he could, notwithstanding poverty and labour, enjoy that happiness which he could never attain in opulence and luxury, resolved to have some conversation with him.—Well, said he, it seems to me very strange that men like you, who are obliged to live continually in labour and on hard fare, can ever be called happy.—Labour replied the old man, to one who is accustomed from long habit to continual idleness, may perhaps appear a heavy burden; but to us, it is only a relief. I never have passed such melancholy hours, as when I chanced to be obliged to cease from my usual employments, and to be doing nothing. Time hung heavily upon my hands, and crept along with intolerable slowness; every moment seemed an age; but when engaged at my work, I find the end of the day come on without hardly perceiving it, nor do I feel for a moment the heavy weight of irksomeness which I have found to be so unbearable, whenever I was obliged to be idle.—But the continual burden of labour, said Alimec, must be bore, which is much more intolerable and heavy.—The burden of labour, answered the old man, is heavy to a slave who is condemned to bear it against his will, and who is prevented from resting when necessity requires it: but such a being is not to be found among us. When I feel tired, I rest quietly as much as I want, and then retake my work with fresh strength. I do not allow any one of my people to fatigue himself more than he ought, or beyond his strength. Labour is no longer a burden, but a pleasant exercise. It engages our attention, and drives from us all tiresome, foolish, and dull thoughts: our bodies gain an increase of health and vigour; they are free from those complaints, which so often afflict idle men. Food and sleep are infinitely sweeter after it; and even while it lasts, the thoughts of the fruits that are to be produced by it give us a continual pleasure which is unkown to you rich and great men.

Every furrow I plough in my field recals to my mind a happy harvest day, and that thought furnishes me beforehand with all the pleasure.—But, observed Alimec, the fruits you gather from such long labours are very trifling at last, if compared to what the rich enjoy without labour or difficulty.—When I quench completely my thirst at the little brook that runs hard by, replied the old man, what do I care whether other people drink up all the Hoango? My field and my flock afford me enough to satisfy all my wants; which being done I am contented; what can I wish more? Happiness does not consist in possessing much, but in knowing how to enjoy peaceably what industry or fortune gives us, and being satisfied with it. You who roll in plenty, are in reality poorer than I, because your desires are continually increasing. Nature has given us few wants and they are easily satisfied according to our saying, that

The wants of nature are but few,
To go beyond oft makes us rue.

Caprice forms to you a thousand others which I neither know nor care for; and the impossibility of satisfying them, excites in you a thousand bitter thoughts and uneasinesses. Three things (and you may give credit to an old man, who has been taught by long experience, and who in the course of his life has often witnessed the bustle and noise of cities and the tranquility and silence of the country) three things, and no more, are requisite; but they are all equally indispensible: these are, tranquility, occupation, and contentment. Keep your mind in a tranquil state, by driving away enmities and discord, by repressing turbulent passions, and by overcoming or bearing with firmness the ills inseparable from the human condition: learn to avoid irksomeness, by shunning idleness and employing yourself usefully: know how to enjoy wisely whatever heaven grants you, whether much or little, and be contented with it: you will then be happy.

Alimec was astonished at finding so much sense in a peasant; and the latter part of his discourse impressed itself more deeply than any other in his mind. When he had bid adieu to the old man, he went repeating to himself what he had heard from him; and the more he revolved it in his mind, the more what had been said to him seemed true. Is it possible, said he to himself, that the happiness of which I have been so ardently in pursuit, is to be found in a country life, the life I was born and bred to? and that by quitting it I have only quitted and wandered still further from the object of my researches? Ah! the wonderful secrets I discovered in the grot, which I thought myself so happy in finding, must then be highly fatal! For if I reflect impartially, what can I say otherwise to it? What profit have I received from them yet? Tired with wandering about, I have only gained the sad experience and knowledge of the wickedness of men, which I found everywhere alike, and of their folly extravagantly varied; nauseated with insipid pleasures which never produced me a moment's real satisfaction, but have repeatedly driven me to the brink of the grave; overcome by vain ambition, a load of confused cares, restless thoughts, and varied troubles, which I saw rewarded with a halter; perfidiously betrayed by a woman, who feigned love to me, and had flattered my hopes to so high a degree—I now wander without knowing where to stop, and am become odious and intolerable to myself. How much better would it have been for me to have remained in my native plains, and in my original simplicity! The food I there took was less artfully prepared: but how savoury did that appetite which never failed, render it! My appearance was plain, but how much better did it defend me from the inclemency of the weather, than that which the capricious flights of fashion has prescribed to me at various times? My cottage was humble, but what long and sweet sleep did I not take in it, free from all uneasiness, and troublesome thoughts! The care of my flock, or the cultivation of my field, occupied my whole day; but how preferable was such occupation to the disgusting listlessness, the inseparable companion of idleness, which has so frequently tormented me! Ah! the venerable old man, whom heaven has made me meet with, to return to the path I strayed from, is perfectly right. He is the voice of a propitious deity, that recals me to the right road from which I had wandered:—I must follow him.

After passing the night in these thoughts, he rose at the first dawn, and returning to the good old man, entreated him to consent to his living with him for the future, that he might at last begin to enjoy with him that happiness which he had in vain sought for in so many remote parts of the world. The old man, with a pleasing smile, said to him—I rejoice at hearing that the simplicity and innocence of our life seem much happier to you than perhaps they did yesterday: but this life would not be suitable to you now, nor does happiness dwell in cottages only. In the midst of the tumult of cities, surrounded by opulence, you may find it if you choose. It will be enough if you can keep unchangeably your peace of mind; if you can be satisfied with what you possess, repressing wishes always immoderate by their nature; and if you can occupy yourself honestly and wisely in some pursuit, nothing more is requisite.

I see plainly, replied Alimec, that I could do all what you say, but it would cost me too much trouble to seek by myself a way to happiness, which you already offer me, fit to be followed. Besides, a rural life is not so new to me, but I can easily adapt myself to it. He then related to him his origin, his finding in the grot the fatal purse and ring, and his subsequent adventures. Then offering both to the good old man, he said, To you I freely give them; only grant me leave to remain here with you, and that I may never quit you. The wise old man, at these words, replied, Well, since you wish it, I accept your gift, but not to make any use of it; Heaven preserve me from so bad a thought; I accept it only to keep it for you, should you ever be tired with the frugal and simple life we lead, and wish to have it back again. Although the resolution you have taken is wise, it seems to me rather a little too sudden and hasty; it might some day lead you to a late repentance. You may experience as long as you please our mode of living;——if you approve of it, you may remain while it pleases you: but should you ever be tired of it, I by no means will prevent you from taking back your gift, and quitting us at any time.

Alimec was highly pleased at the kind reception he met with, and the wise determination of the old man; therefore laying aside all those vain thoughts which had tormented him in a thousand different ways, and giving himself entirely up to tranquility, frugality, and occupation, he soon began to feel that pure pleasure, and perfect satisfaction of mind, unknown to him before. After some time had elapsed, he found that far from disliking his situation, he became attached, more attached to it every day; he therefore thought of crowning his happiness and fixing it so that it could no longer escape him. The good old man had a daughter, whose beauty and purity of morals were equally equal

vating Alimee, after he had, given as he thought, a sufficient idea of himself to her father, so as to induce him not to fear to grant her in marriage to him, asked her of him with ardent solicitations. But the father, from long experience, being too well acquainted with the inconstancy of the human heart, and mistrusting Alimee's resolution, required a much longer trial of his perseverance. Finally, seeing in him such certain proofs of a mind perfectly contentented with the new life he had embraced, and totally alienated from any thought of quitting it, he would no longer defer to satisfy his wishes: and Alimee being finally arrived at that perfect happiness, which neither riches, pleasures, nor honours, had ever been able to procure him, he consigned the purse and ring to destruction, determined that no one should ever again become the dupe of that infatuation, which their baleful possession must excite, and which had involved him in misfortune and disappointment.

WHIMSICAL ADVERTISEMENT,—*From a late Barbadoes Paper.*

THOMAS TOUCHWOOD, Gent. proposes on the last day of this present month, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to him or his friends, he takes this method of endeavoring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance he hopes will merit the attention and patronage of the public. He will perform with two pistols, the first shot to be directed through his abdomen, to which will be added, another through his brain; the whole to conclude with staggering, convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at 8, and the exhibition to begin precisely at 9. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, or half price taken.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night, in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a taylor, who intends only to give the representation of death, by dancing in a collar; an attempt infinitely inferior to M. T's original and authentic performance. [*Lon. Pap.*

A HUMBUG.

AT a late assize in Ireland, a witness was asked whether on a former occasion he had not given a different account of the transaction? He admitted the fact, but said that he was then *humbugged* in the business.—"*Humbugged!* (replied the Counsel immediately) I do not understand the phrase."—"I thought, replied the witness) that every person understood it; but to explain it by a familiar instance—If I were to tell the noble Lord on the Bench, or the gentlemen who are sworn to try this cause, that you were an *able* Counsel, that would be to *humbug* both Judge and Jury!"

OF THE LATE GENERAL OTWAY.

THIS, brave officer, who had been many years in the army with the rank of colonel, was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his age, service, and circumstances. This he long objected to, but at last consented, and applied to the chaplain of the regiment to write it. The divine concluded with the usual words "and your petitioner shall ever *pray*," but to this the general strongly objected to, remarking that, "It would have been proper for a parson, but was very improper for a soldier—I insist, let common forms be what they will, that you erase the word, and insert, and your petitioner shall ever *fight*. It was presented, and he had the first vacant regiment.

THE late Dean Swift, of eccentric memory, once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's church, Dublin, the profusity of which disgusted many of its auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot to preach another sermon of the like kind, he took great care to avoid falling into his former error:—His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—The Dean, after repeating his text in more than commonly emphatical tone, adds, "Now my dearly beloved brethren, you hear the words of this *text*; if you like the security, down with your dust."—It is worthy remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

THE MANSION OF HEALTH.

THE mansion of Health is hard by,
It stands on the edge of the plain;
Both Sickness and Want seem to fly,
And Peace always waits in her train:
The tenants are hardy and strong:
They labour, but long not for wealth;
Their wish is alone to prolong
Their lives in the mansion of Health.

These rustics, more happy than those
Who are link'd in vile Luxury's chain,
At evening they sink to repose,
Their breasts free from sorrow and pain:
At morning's first beam they arise,
Bless him who gives virtue and wealth;
Their pray'r may be read in their eyes:
'Tis—Grant us the mansion of Health.

May we, like these cottagers blest,
Industriously spend a short life,
And pass all our leisure at rest,
Unhurt by discordance or strife:
Oh, grant our request ye kind Pow'rs!
We ask not for Grandeur or wealth;
In peace may we pass all our hours,
And dwell in the mansion of Health!

EPIGRAM.

Poor Peter was harrass'd by fever and gout,
Attended with terrible pain;
Full long had he wish'd and expected relief,
But his hopes prov'd delusive and vain.

His friends came to see him, they pitied his case,
And advis'd him to send, with all speed,
For the doctor to come, whose assistance they thought,
Might afford him some help in his need.

By no means, says Peter, it must not be so;
For I am resolv'd whilst I have breath,
(Tho' pains and diseases may torture my frame)
Still to wait for a *natural* death.

A HARD CASE.

OVER a doctor to death dealing practice inur'd,
As he always kill'd twenty for one that he cur'd,
To a grave digger said, passing through the churchyard,
"So fried I perceive you're at work very hard."—
"Hard indeed, (says old Delve,) here I toil every day,
And can hardly get sunction to *moisten my clay*:
Nay *double* work scarcely subsistence procures,
Tho' while *doing my own*, I am FINISHING *yours*."

SONG.

BE gone dull care, no more I'll repine,
No longer here be found,
Great Bacchus gives me rosy wine,
With joy, lo! I'm crown'd.

Old care, begone with wrinkled face,
No more shalt thou controul,
Bright Venus in the warm embrace
Gives joys that glad the soul.

EPIGRAM.

On the Dutch, and the chief General who enlisted them.

THOUGH General Pichegru, 'tis said,
With General *Panic* struck their nation,
Of General *Deluge* more afraid,
They shrunk from General *Inundation*;
Then General *Dam*, the Dutchman's boast!
Was death-struck by the General *Weather*;
And more was done by General *Frost*,
Than all the generals put together.

INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE.

IN the year 1769, one Rossiter, a young Irishman, came to Leghorn in search of adventures, with no other recommendation than the deportment of a gentleman, added to a fine figure and countenance.

Soon after his arrival, a lady, whose personal property was considerable, saw, and became violently enamoured of him; which was soon succeeded by a direct proposal on her part (no uncommon thing in Italy) to live with her.

As he had been previously informed of her circumstances, and was pleased with her person, he immediately closed with the offer; and they, in consequence, resided together in all the warmth of love, and intimacy of marriage.

Her passion for him had, at first, prompted her to disregard the common law of modesty; after cohabitation it grew to such excess, as to trample on all prudence; for not satisfied with having purchased a lieutenancy for him in the Tuscan army, she anticipated his every wish, more than supported his profusion, and on being obliged to visit her relations in a distant part of Italy, entrusted him in her absence with her jewels, her money, and, in short, every thing she owned.

Can you suppose that a man so cherished, and so relied on, could betray a confidence of this nature! should you wonder at it, how much greater will be your surprise, when I tell you, that he not only robbed her of her property, but of her life.

She returned to Leghorn sooner than she had intended, being pregnant by this monster, who received her with every mark of unaltered affection; but that same night murdered her in the very bed-chamber that had so often been the guilty scene of her weakness and affection; a place that should, of all others, have been inviolable.

The deed was soon discovered, and Rossiter apprehended, judged, and condemned to the galleys for life.

Previously to the execution of this sentence, he was led out before the troops in view of the garrison, when his sword was broken over his head, his uniform stripped from him, for the coarse habit of a galley slave; and thus, with a halter about his neck, was he delivered over to his punishment, under every mark of degradation and infamy.

Yet even this wretch, thus stigmatized, could create affection in the female sex, who took every opportunity of supplying him with food; and one, a woman of condition, exerted all her influence to obtain his release, for the purpose (it is said) of marrying him; but the good Leopold rejected the petition with horror, declaring he should look upon that man as a disgrace to his court, who could intercede on so wicked an occasion. How more than brutal was the affection that could attach itself to such a monster as Rossiter!

THE FORCE OF NATURE:

or,

THE SAD EFFECTS OF GAMING.

AN elderly French lady, retired to her country seat, had only one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, very much addicted to gaming, and had lost, at *one sitting*, no less than £10,000. Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a company of strolling comedians, who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old

lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went incog. to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man supported the principal character. During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so forcibly on her feelings, that she exclaimed aloud "Aye, there he is!—the beggar!—the scoundrel!—Always the same!—No changeling!" The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverley lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out "Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child!—I will take it home with me!"

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 29, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week—Asthma 2, consumption 10, decay 2, old age 2, cold, cholic, convulsions, dropsey, dropsey in the head, drowned, dysentary, epilepsy, typhus fever, hives, inflamation of the lungs, inflamation of the bowels, inflamation of the liver, St. Anthony's Fire, scrofula, putrid sore throat, still born, sudden death, suicide by laudanum, syphillis, white swelling, and worms, of each 1—Men 15, Women 6, Boys 9, Girls 8—Total 38.

On Sunday evening, last a Charity Sermon for the relief of poor widows with small children, was preached in the Presbyterian Church in Wall-street, by the Rev. Doctor Mildollar, and a collection made of five hundred and four dollars and forty eight cents.

Appointment.—Peter A Schenck, Esq. Surveyor of the Port of New-York, in the room of Colonel Wm. Smith removed.

In the ship Remittance, from London, came passenger captain Benjamin Law, master of the ship Diligence, who left this port on the 19th November last, bound to Hull, and arrived in the Downs on the 24th December, there took a pilot for Hull, and on the night of the 26th, in a severe gale, his ship struck on Hasbro beach, near Yarmouth, and was totally lost. All hands got into the tops for the preservation of their lives, and their lashed themselves, the sea making complete breach over them. In the morning they discovered that one of the crew had perished from the extremity of the weather; and in the course of the day Robert Wilson, chief mate, a native of Rhode Island, despairing of relief, took to the boat with two of the crew, which instantly upset, and all hands perished. Capt. Law, the pilot, and the residue of the crew, remained lashed to the rigging till evening of the next day, when the inhabitants, succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous situation. The body of Mr. Wilson, and those that perished with him, were next day decently interred. *Merc. Ad.*

Captain Wheaton, of the ship Beaver, who arrived on Wednesday, from Canton, informs that the Cape of Good Hope was taken by the British about the middle of January. Capt. W received this information from the commander of the Montezuma, whom he spoke on the 5th of February, and who had been embargoed 40 days at St. Helena, in consequence of the expedition against the Cape.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th instant about 3 o'clock, Amos Warren, a prisoner in the Jail of Newburyport, was discovered making his escape out of prison. He had worked through the chapboards, the rattling of which attracted the attention of the watch as they were passing by the jail. A large gimblet, and two chissels were found in the prisoner's room. By the active and prompt exertions of Mr. Bagley, the person who handed these tools to the prisoner was discovered and brought from Cambridge in less than twenty hours and is now confined in jail for trial at the next S. J. Court in April.—His name is Noah Foster.

On the 27th ult. a girl about fourteen years of age, who lived with Thomas Fanagan, Esq. of this county, went to some rocks at a small distance from the house, to collect sandstone. Two of Mr. Fanagan's children accompanied the girl; and, while she was engaged in breaking stones, she observed the rock giving way, above where the little boys were playing, and endeavored to alarm them; but they being too young to apprehend their imminent danger, did not remove in time; and a fragment of the rock, as large as a mill-stone, fell upon them, and instantly terminated their earthly existence,

[*Fran. Gaz.*

WINDSOR (Vermont,) March 4.

A few days since, as Mr. Benjamin Read of Weathersfield, was at work in his blacksmith's shop heating the handle of a skimmer, and on taking it out to shape or weld, he hastily turned round and struck his own son with the end of the iron, a little below the ear and penetrated back of the windpipe, which put an end to his existance in about 3 hours. The child was about six years old.

A writer in a Philadelphia paper, who considers Dogs "a very great nuisance and unnecessary expence to the community," calculates that the sustenance of the Dogs in that state costs near *Two millions of dollars* annually!

The Hon. Thomas Erskine, son of the present Lord High Chancellor of England, is appointed ambassador to the United States of America.

Miss Long, eldest daughter of the late Sir. James Tilney Long, is sole heiress to the Tilney estate, amounting to £30,000. per annum; and £200,000. in the Funds, making her by far the richest female Commoner in England. She has just entered her 17th year.

Dr. Anderson, physician General, in India, writes, that the number of persons inoculated there for the Cow Pock, amounts to 250,000—So great has been its success (in all places where it has been generally adopted) that the Brahmins, in their extravagant veneration of the Cow, have desired that the vaccine matter may be styled "*The Dew of Heaven.*"

MORTALITY.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment past:
The wild romance of life is done,
The real history's begun.

DIED,

On the 23d ult. at New Barbadoes Neck, Mrs. Margaret Schuyler, consort of Mr. John Schuyler, aged 58.

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Richardson, aged 27 years, daughter of Mr. Edward Bardin.

On Wednesday, after a short illness, which she bore with christian resignation, Mrs. Abigal Morgan, wife of Mr. David Morgan. By her death her family have sustained an irreparable loss, and society has been deprived of a valuable member.

COURT OF HYMEN.

In marriages in heaven were made
(And most believe they ate),
May mine be free from sorrows shade,
From anger and from care!

MARRIED,

On Sunday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. Thomas Platt, to Miss Margaret Alga of Goshen.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. Charles I. Field, to Mrs. Clarissa, Fitzon, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Phœbus, Mr. Nathaniel Vail, to Miss Elizabeth Scour, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, at Horseneck, by the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, Mr. John H. Titus, merchant, of this city, to Miss Eliza Knapp, of the former place.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. B. H Tomlinson, to Miss Catharine Knott, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Faitout, Mr. Joseph Tuthill, to Miss Amelia Smith, both of Jamaica Long Island.

At Poundridge, (N. Y.) on the 5th inst. Mr. Philemon Taylor, to Miss Patty Hawley, both from Stamford.

At Pattersurgh, by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, Mr. William Hubbel, of Champion in the County of Lewis to Miss Mary Elizabeth Woolsey, eldest daughter of General Woolsey, of Cumberland Head Clinton county.

At Norfolk, on Thursday evening the 13th inst. Doctor George Davis, of New York, late consul for the United States, at Tunis, to Miss Ann Peacock daughter of Wm. Peacock Esq.

At Albany, the Rev. John H. Mitre, Minister of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church at Schenectady, to Miss Maria Lansing, daughter of the late Jacob G. Lansing, of Albany.

At Claverack, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rudd, Mr. Peter Morrisson, merchant, of this city to Miss Maria Delves Hawkins, late from Liverpool (Eng.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Enigmatical List of young Ladies," is received, and shall appear in our next.

PLAYS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Follr as it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married, Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Lovers Frailties, Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew, or Benevolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation, or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Shandy-ism. &c. &c. &c.

25,000 *DOLLARS HIGHEST PRIZE.*

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COURT OF APOLLO.

BONNY KITTY.

Written and sung by Mr. Dibdin.

When last from the Straits we had fairly cast anchor,
I went bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker,
And brandnew was every sail,
But I knew well enough, how with words sweet as honey,
They'd bilk us poor tars of our gold;
And when the sly gypseys have finger'd the money,
The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chas'd her d'ye see my lads, under false colours,
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I'd sported away all my good looking dollars,
And borrow'd my clothes of a friend,
Oh! then had you seen her!—no longer with honey,
'Twas—Varlet audacious and bold,
Begone from my sight; since you've spent all your money
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I pull'd out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bade her good bye,
'Twould have done your heart good, had you then seen her fine airs,
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh.
But I stood well the broadside, while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up my gold,
And, bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

MAD PEGGY.

The gloomy night stalk'd slow away,
The twilight spoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg reclin'd,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.
"Give me my love," she frantic scream'd;
"I saw his ghost, as by it gleam'd.
I'll dive, I'll search the briny gloom,
And snatch him from his coral tomb.
Ah! let me, fate, his relics save—
True lovers, should find out one grave."
And now the tempest dims the sky—
How many ways poor sailors die!
See, see, the stagg'ring vessels splits;
She's lost, like Peg's poor shipwreck'd wits.
No, 'twas in battle that he died—
Would no pow'r turn the ball aside!
I saw it, as it rent his heart;
I heard him cry, "And must we part!"
For Peggy, ah! these relics save—
True lovers should find out one grave.

Where on the deep the cavern yawn'd,
Now as the purple morning dawn'd,
The surge in breakers loud and hoarse
Her love cast up, a lifeless corse,
She raves, she screams, her hands she wrings;
The shock returning reason brings,
Reason returns, alas! too late—
She clasps her love, and yields to fate:
Their mourning friends their relics save—
And those true lovers find one grave.

ANECDOTES.

A man that used to be drunk, when he came home wallowed about the floor, and said, he paid rent for the house, and he would lie where he pleased: at last, he falls into the fire, and the maid runs to her mistress, and told her she could not get him out. "Let him alone (says she,) he pays rent for the house, and he may lie where he pleases."

"What have you got to say, old Bacon face!" said a counsellor to a farmer, at the late Cambridge assizes,—"Why, (answered the farmer,) I am thinking that my Bacon face and your *ass's head*, would make a good dish."

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder pure Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from clopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1805. 853. 1y.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. *Ladies Shoemaker*, has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyvesant jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting: at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has recieved by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Morroccos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Dcer. 28, 1805. 880.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

☞ A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

Jan. 4, 1806. 881—tf.

TO LET,

A LARGE DRY CELLAR.

Enquire at this Office No. 3 Peck-Slip.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ash prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot calender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyeing at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed Furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Long standing stains upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

For Beautifying the Teeth and Gums—the celebrated

VENUS TOOTH-POWDER.

This admirable Tooth Powder used and patronized by H. R. H. the Duchess of York, and the chief part of the English Nobility; containing none of those pernicious drugs added but too often in articles of this kind; this intimitable Dentrifice is strongly recommended to the fair American Ladies. From its effects it is beyond doubt one of the most useful appendages which has hitherto been added to the toilet. It gives to the teeth the appearance of pearls, and to the gums and lips all the roses of youthful health, and a freshness to the mouth highly desirable. The proprietor offers it to the public under the sanction of the faculty as the best antidote against the scurvy in the gums.—A single trial of this elegant Powder will speak so much in its favor as the great demand from the nobility and gentry does.—Sold by appointment of the proprietor, by I. T. RIDGE, No. 65 Cheapside—THOMAS OVERTON, No. 47 Newbond-street, London; and in America, by STOLENWERCK & BROTHERS, 137 William street, New-York; Jacob Gourgas, Boston; Vincent Ducomb, Philadelphia; Thomas Appleton, Baltimore.

March 22, 1803. 892 tf.

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK-POWDER, for sale at this office.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.